The Last True Newes FROM IRELAND,

Being the Copie of a Letter sent from *Dublin*, to a Gentleman of good Ranke, and now Resident in this City.

Wherein is declared many great overthrowes and Defeates given to the Rebels.

Likewise the manner how a great Castle called *Carricke Mayne* (within 6. myles of *Dublin*) was taken by the English, and the Rebels put to death, Man, Woman, and Child.

Also a true intelligence that the Rebels are beaten by Sir *Henry Titchbu ne* out of *Dundalke*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

London, Printed for *T. F.* 1642.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To my Worthy Friend, *W. J.* Esquire in LONDON.

SIR,

THe last Letter I received from you was of the 8. of *March*, and if you have written any since they are unreceived, Sir *John Hoy* his eldest Son *William Hoy* that was at the Lord Viscount *Netterfield* his house, was brought to my Lord *Parsons*, the 27. of *March*, Mr. *Cadwell* of *Moorton*, the Elder Brother to my late Landlord the Barber, comming out of the Countrey, and well mounted, with his Sword by his side, to his house heere in *Dublin*, was observed by some of our Souldiers, who presently followed him, and after some questions, drew out his Sword, which was all bloody, whereupon they carried him before a Magistrate, whence he was sent to the Goale and is like to be hanged, for it was conceived, that he had been at the murthering of some of the *English*. I wrote to you in my last Let-

ter that Colonell *Reade* and Mr. *Mahone* were Racked, he confeſſed that hee would have murthered both the Iuſtices, with man, woman and child, of the Engliſh, *Reade* that he ſhould have been Lieutenant Generall of all *Meath*. and had 600. l. *per annum* Penſion, and 600. l. more for 2. Officers next under him, Alſo that the Lord *Dunſaney*, Sir *John Netterfield*, *Dondall* the Regiſter, who was Clerk of the Councell to the Rebels, Mr. *Barnewell* of *Kilbrue*, with others came into the Iuſtices, but *Barnewell* was Racked ſome 4. dayes ſince, and confeſſed that the Lord *Dunſaney* was one of the chiefeſt Actors in all the *Pale*, with much more I cannot yet learn, nor as ſome ſay to be made common as yet; Sir, I muſt uſe an old Proverbe, The Pitcher goeth ſo long to the Water, that at length it comes broke n home, ſo it is with us now, for the 26. of *March*, Captaine *Scouts* Troope went out with ſome others (not to pray but to pillage you may ſay) who met with a great party of the Rebels, and followed them ſo cloſe, that they were enforced to take Mr. *Welch* his Caſtle of *Carricke-mine*, 6. Miles from *Dublin*, as we goe to *Poore ſcourt*, and beſet it round, then ſent to the Lord Iuſtices to acquaint them by

a Poſte, whereupon Sir *Simon Harcourt* (a brave Gentleman) and one of the beſt Soldiers we had, and one Captayne *Berry* another brave Gentleman and wiſe, who undertooke with 1500. men to take the Caſtle, and went hence the 17. of *March* on the Kings day, after whom was ſent 2. *Demy Culverings*, but before they could be brought to the Caſtle, the Rebels dared our men, and one a brave daring Fellow upon a White horſe, came out of the Caſtle, and rode quite through our men, and then diſcharged his Piſtoll in deſpight of all our men. The Rebels were were (as it ſeemed very good marksmen, for they ſeldome or never made ſhot in vaine, but either killed or hurt, Captaine *Berry* was ſhot through the ſhoulder, his *Lievtennant* ſhot dead, with divers others, at length our Ordnance arrived, and was placed in an Iriſh houſe, where no Commander could order the placing of them but Sir *Symon Harcourt*, and hee after ſome few ſhot made went behind the houſe to ſeeke his beſt advantage, and ſtooping down neare the ground was ſhot in the left ſhoulder with a ſlug of Leade (for it ſeemes the Rebels hath not ſtore of moulds to caſt Bullets in, and

after the discharging of 22. Shot, a hole was made 15 foot above ground, but not to be entred, in which time one Lievtenant *Huse* making choice of some few others with Hatchets and Timber, broke open the Bawne gate, where they found 60 horses bridled and sadled, then Lievtenant *Marret* brake the Castle doore and entred, where they killed man, woman, and child, but one Welch woman, whose Brother was one of those that entred the Castle, she being a servant in Master *Welch* his house, yet could he not save her from some wounds, the number of them that were slaine in the Bawne or Castle were 260 or more.

The 28. of *March* Sir *Symon Harcourt* having made his Will (the day before) dyed at *Myrin* the Lord *Fitz-Williams* his house, about 3. myles from *Dublin* in the afternoone; And I must now tell you, that in this Castle was a Priest, who fore-seeing their losse, desired to be put in an empty Pipe Caske, and the head to be put on againe, where he lay; but the slaughter ended, the Souldiers conceiving the Pipe had been full of good Beare, broached it, when finding it empty, they cut off the

Hoopes

Hoopes, and finding the Priest, cut him as small as Flesh to the Pot: So much for the Castle.

In my former Letter I also writ to you how Sir *Henry Titchburne* had at *Ardell* slaine 300. men, with which he was not content, but marched presently with 1000 men thence to *Dundalke*, where was at least 5000. Rebels, and comming to the gate broke it open and entered, in which towne he tooke one Culvering, and another piece of Ordnance charged with Musket Bullets a foot & halfe deepe from which the Gunner, for feare fled away to save his Life, and Sir *Henry* tooke them for his Service, and slew 1800. men therein and our Horse chased them over the Water, to the *Meyrie* Castle three Miles beyond *Dundalke*, (the Earle of *Devonshire*, *Mountjoy*, built it) the rest of the Rogues fled, but many were slaine in the pursuite, we lost but a 11. men in that Service, and the chiefest man of note was Sir *Faithfull Fortescue*, his second Son, this was done the 29. of March, and Sir *Henry Titchburne*, remayneth still at *Dundalk*, where he tooke much good pillage and Money, and a small Barke laden with Victuals,

God

God send Sir *Henry* well backe to *Tredaugh*, who sent Sr. *Sammuell Harcot*, his Sonne with this Newes to the Lord Iustices to *Dublin*, I pray he goe not farther without 500. men at least, the *Newery* being you know but 8. Miles beyond *Dundalke*, which is 16. Miles from *Tredaugh*. Sir *Simon Harcots* body was brought to my Neighbour *Cap-Scottes* house, there to be imbalmed, to be sent to his house in *Staffordshere*, but things fit for the service not being to be had here in *Dublin*, he was buried in *St. Patricks Church*. I must likewise tell you your old Landlord *Mr. Henry Ashbourne* is dead, he dyed six weekes since. so I rest,

Your Servant

W. P.

FINIS.